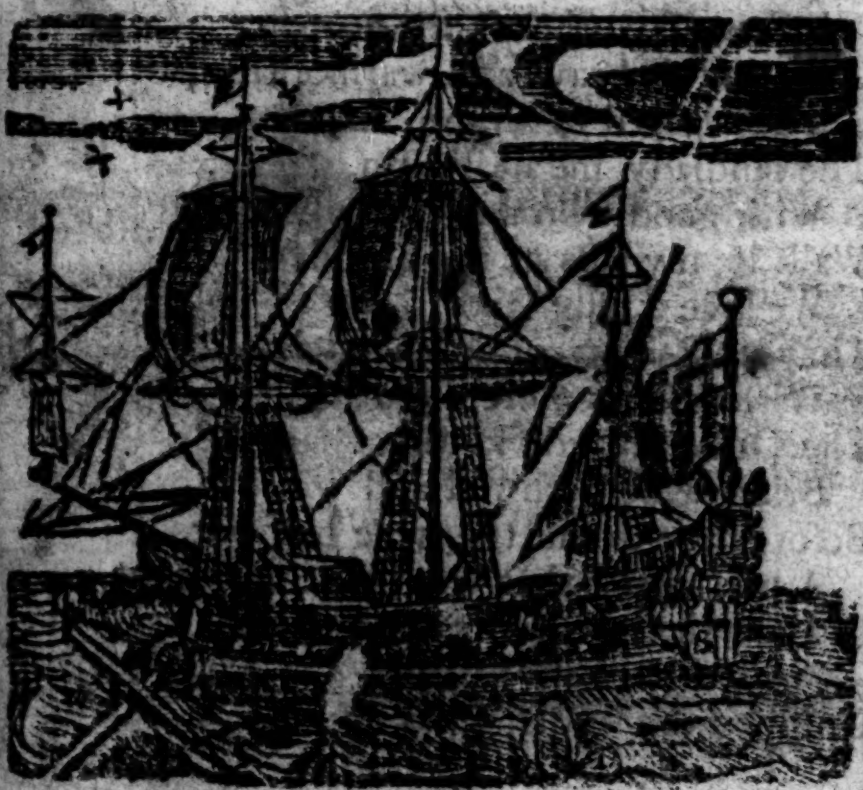
DUKE WILLIAM's

GARLAND,

Containing ſome delightful

NEW SONGS.

1. Duke William's Ramble.
2. Laſs of Richmond Hill.
3. Arrah by my Canniſter,
4. Larrie O'Brian's eſcape from the French Convention.



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DUKE WILLIAM's GARLAND.

Duke William's Ramble.

DUKE William and a nobleman,
Heroes of England's nation,
Got up one morning by two o'clock,
To take a recreation,
Into the ſuburbs they did go,
In ſailors dreſs from top to toe,
Now, ſays the Duke, we ſoon ſhall know,
What uſage there's for ſeamen.
Then in this brave and warlike trim,
They haſted to an inn, ſir,
The landlady ſhe did begin,
With good words to prevail them,
Wa'k in my lads be not afraid,
We love a jolly ſailor.
They up ſtairs went immediately,
Without any more diſputing,
The Duke replied, kind landlady,
Bring wine both red and white in,
Before they drank the wine half out,
A preſs-gang that was brave and ſtout,
Did ſearch the lower rooms about
For warlike jolly ſeamen.
Up ſtairs the landlady did ſay,
If ſeamen you're a ſeeking,
There's one ſo fat, I dare be ſworn,
That you can ſcarcely ſhip him,

Ne'e

Ne'er mind my lads, the lieutenant ſays,
But up ſtairs went immediately,
What ſhip brothers, they all did cry,
For we are jolly ſeamen.

We do belong to George ſays Will,
Says they, where's your protection,
We've none at all, the Duke replies,
Don't caſt on us reflection,
Then the lieutenant he did ſay,
Come brothers come along with me,
On us you muſt not make a prey,
My warrant is for ſeamen.

They haul'd them to the tender then,
The captain he did meet them,
The Duke replied, kind gentlemen,
Take care of all your ſhipping,
With that the captain he did ſwear,
I am your ſhepherd I declare,
I'll make you know your ſaucy air,
Go down amongſt the ſeamen.

O then the Nobleman did go down,
But the Duke, he did refuſe it,
Which made the officers to frown,
And ſadly him abuſed,
Where muſt I lie his highneſs ſaid,
Muſt I not have a feather bed,
You're fat enough, they all then ſaid,
Pig in among the ſeamen.

O then his Highneſs did go down,
Amongſt his comrade ſeamen,
Which made him ſtare to ſee the fare,
Of many a briſk young ſeaman,
Below he tore his trowſers o'er,
And he call'd for a taylor,
You ſaucy dog the captain ſaid,
Here's none but jolly ſeamen.

But for your ſauce you ſurely ſhall,
You muſt be flog'd and ſhall, ſir,
To the gang way him they ſtraight convey,
And whip him like a dog, ſir,
Then ſtrip, they cry'd, the Duke reply'd,
I do not like your laws, ſir,
I ne'er ſhall ſtrip for to be whipt,
So ſtrip me if you dare, ſir.

O then came down the boatſwain's mate,
The Duke for to undreſs, ſir,
But quickly he did eſpy,
The ſtar upon his breſt, ſir,
Then on their bended knees they fell,
Yea and for mercy loud did call,
The Duke replies you're villains all,
For uſing thus poor ſeamen.

No wonder why my father he,
Can't well man all his ſhipping,
It's by your baſely uſing them,
And them always a whipping;
But for the future ſailors all,
Shall have good uſage great and ſmall, The

They heard the news together all,
And cry'd God ſave Duke William.

Now he commands all officers,
That ſtand in need of wealth, ſir,
And gave his jovial crew ſome gold,
That they might drink his health ſir,
And when that he did go away,
The ſailors with a loud huzza,
Said heavens bleſs the happy day,
Wherein they preſt Duke William.

The LASS of RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a Laſs,
More fair than May-day morn;
Her charms all other maids ſurpaſs,
A roſe without a thorn.

The Laſs ſo neat,
With ſmiles ſo ſweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crown reſign,
To call her mine,
Sweet Laſs of Richmond Hill.

Ye Zephyrs fair who fan the air,
In wanton through the grove;
Go whiſper in her charming ear,
I die for her in love,

The Laſs, &c.

How

How happy wou'd the ſhepherd be,
Who calls this Nymph his own,
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on m
Mine's fix'd on her alone,
The Laſs, &c.

Arrah by my Canniſter.

ARRAH by my canniſter I am a jovial blade,
And for to go a ſcamping I never was afraid,
My piſtol being cock'd and ready to let fire,
Stand and deliver was the word for I muſt have my deſire,
Fal la la,

As I was a riding o'er Hillſbury mountain,
I ſaw three pedlars, their gold they were counting,
They thought it fine but I thought it better,
I robb'd them of their bit and thought it no matter.
Fal lal la.

Arrah by my canniſter, I often times have told you,
That ſome of juſtice Fielding's men will catch hold of you,
And when you ſet your foot upon the Ladder,
So boldly you may call for your gallows cap and feather,
Fal lal la.

Arrah by my conniſter as I ſuppoſe you be, ſir,
We are three pedlars, three pedlars three, ſir,
All going to Dublin City with nothing to carry,
But our baggage and our loading.
Fal lal la,

If Polly Hardy had been true I would not have been taken,
But Molly ſhe prov'd falſe and that was the reaſon,
I being faſt a ſleep not thinking of the matter,
She unloaded my piſtols and filled them full of pepper.
Fal lal la,

I have two brothers they're both in the army,
The one lies in Cork the other in Shin Carny,
I'd rather ſee them, they're both blyth and jolly,
I'd rather ſee them than my own gallows Molly,
Fal lal la, la lal la la,

LARRIE O'BRIAN.

I'VE eſcap'd from the French Convention,
Where liberty to me they did mention,
And many fine things, all invention,
To humbug Poor Larrie O'Brian;
For they talk'd of ſuch things,
As if Frenchmen were kings,
And what rare fruit their tree of liberty, it brings;
That I thought it very clever
If it was to laſt for ever, O Poor Larrie!
Blood and ouns! what a gaby to tarry,
And be made thus a Sans Cullotte.

The firſt thing they murder'd their king, Sir,
Which I thought was a very baſe thing, Sir,
While *Ca Ira* aloud they did ſing, Sir,
O it bother'd Poor Larrie O'Brian:
Then a gun and a ſword by my ſide,
But no ſhoes nor breeches they provide;
Fighting, marching, and retreating,
But the devil a bit of eating, O Poor Larrie!
Blood and ouns! what a gaby to tarry,
And be made thus a Sans Cullotte.

Then therr's one Mr Gaſton they ſay, Sir,
To fight him we all marched away, Sir,
O, by gingo, he did us well pay, Sir,
And precious brave beating we got;
Larrie bravely did run
From ſuch liberty fun,
Tho' he'd a thump on the head with the butt end of a gun;
O! ſuch hooping and ſuch bawling,
And ſo many their lay ſprawling, O Poor Larrie!
Blood and ouns! what a gaby to tarry,
And be made thus a Sans Cullotte.

Little

Little victuals, few cloaths, and no pay, Sir,
O thought I if I could get away, Sir,
None but madmen ſure with them would ſtay, Sir,
Next to Callais they order'd us then;
There a riot was bred,
And many ſhot dead,
'Twas victuals they wanted, but were cram'd with lead;
So in the Hurry and the flurry
Larrie got aboard a wherry, O Poor Larrie!
Blood and ouns! what gaby to tarry,
And be made thus a Sans Cullotte

So good bye to you Maſter Tom Paine, Sir,
If ever I am caught there again, Sir,
May the devil come and burn me amain, Sir,
Thank my ſtars I am in England again:
So may God bleſs George our King,
May his enemies ſwing,
For diſtreſs on Old England they ſurely wiſh to bring,
Blood and thunder! how they plunder,
And make property knock under, O Poor Larrie!
Blood and ouns! what a gaby to tarry,
And be made thus a Sans Cullotte.

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FINIS.